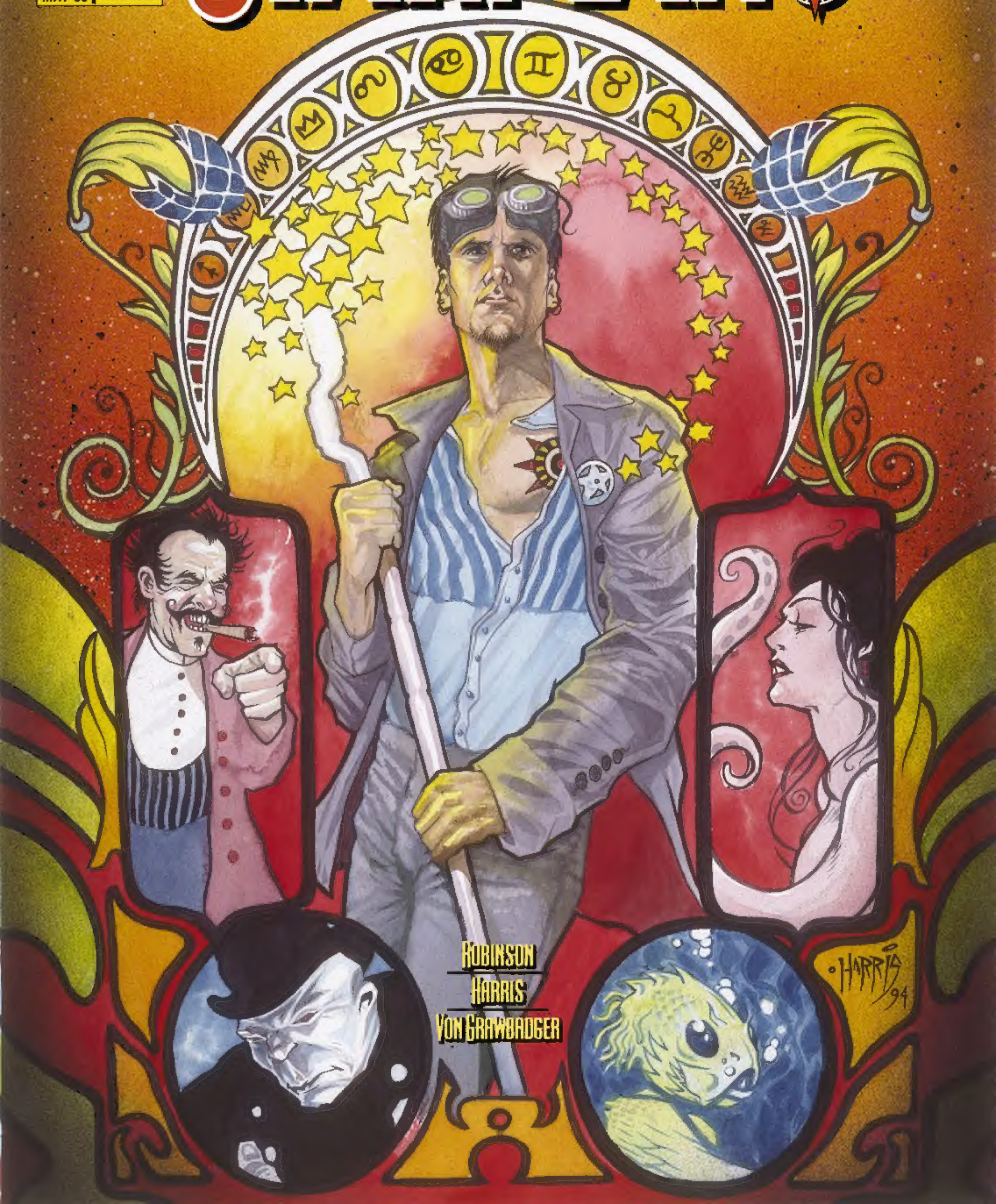




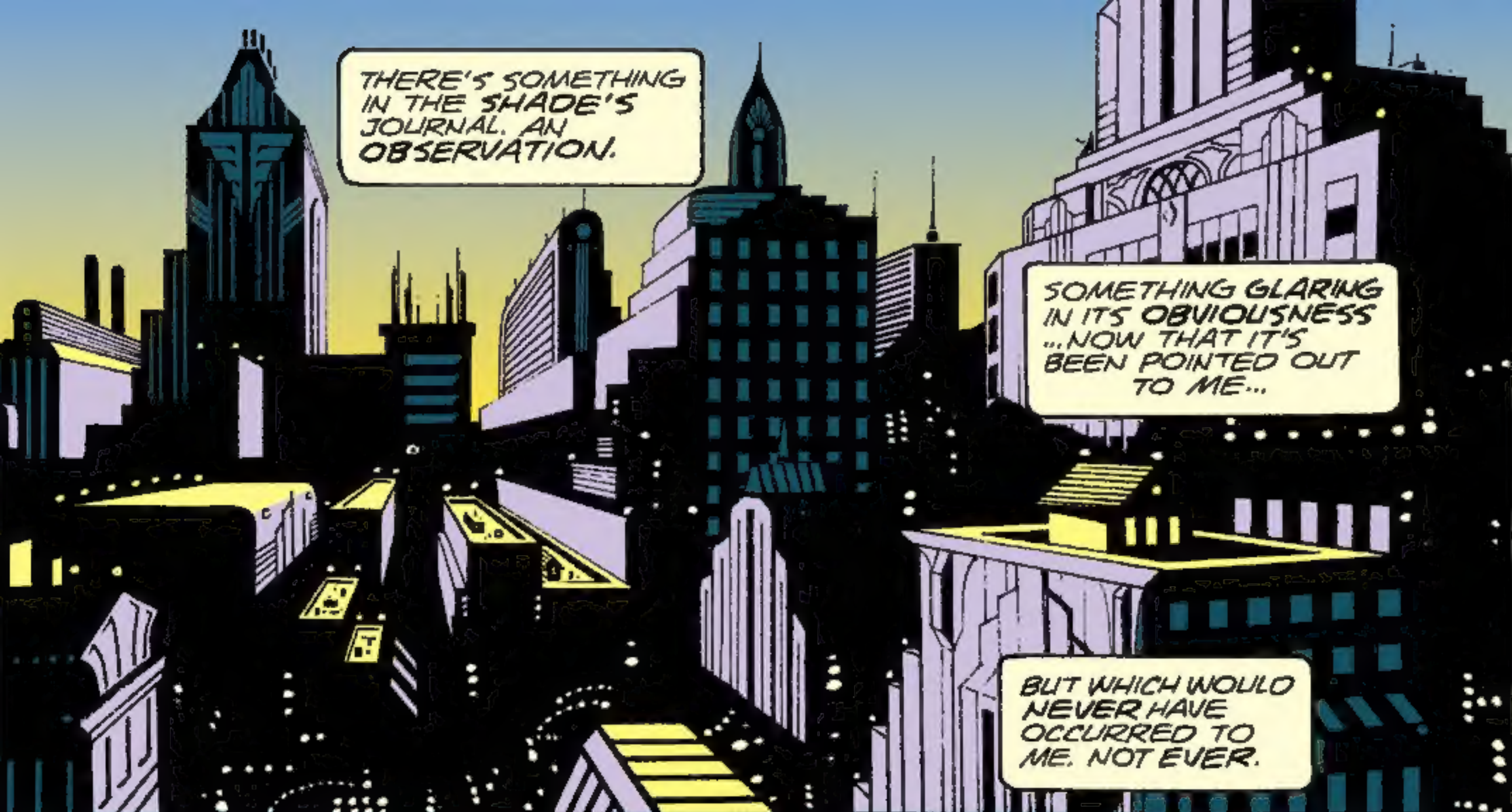
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MAY 95 £1.25 UK

STARMAN



ROBINSON
HARRIS
VON GRAWBODGER


HARRIS
94



THERE'S SOMETHING
IN THE SHADE'S
JOURNAL. AN
OBSERVATION.

SOMETHING GLARING
IN ITS OBVIOUSNESS
...NOW THAT IT'S
BEEN POINTED OUT
TO ME...


BUT WHICH WOULD
NEVER HAVE
OCCURRED TO
ME. NOT EVER.



THERE IS OPAL
CITY. THE CITY.
ITS BUILDINGS.

BUT THERE ARE
NO SUBURBS.


THERE'RE THE
MOUNTAINS AND
THE FORESTS TO
THE NORTH. AND
TO THE SOUTH...



...THERE ARE
THE PLAINS.

WITH ALL THE TO-ING
AND FRO-ING I DO,
NOT ONCE DID I
NOTICE THAT. MAN,
I'VE BEEN LIVING IN
THE OPAL FOR WAY,
WAY, WAY TOO LONG.
I GUESS.

YEAH. WEIRD. ONE MINUTE
YOU'RE IN THE CITY...AND
THEN YOU'RE NOT. ZAP, POW.



YOU'RE IN
TURK COUNTY.

WHERE, GOD
HELP ME...

...THE BARGAINS ARE TO BE FOUND.

I AM TORN, TORN LIKE WHEN HALF A DISH CLOTH WILL DO, ABOUT THIS PLACE.

I WAS A FAN OF OL' HOPALONG. BOUGHT EVERYTHING I COULD WHEN I WAS A KID.

AND THERE WAS A LOT TO BUY.

LIKE I SAY, YOU FIND THE COOLEST STUFF HERE.

OUT HERE, EVERY FARMER HAS AN OLD JUKE BOX OR PINBALL MACHINE OR A CRATE OF OLD TIN SIGNS OR A BOX OF COLLIERIES IN THE BASEMENT OR SOMEWHERE.

ONE OLD GUY... HIS SON HAD COLLECTED METAL PEDAL CARS, HAD A BARN FULL OF THEM.

ANOTHER WOMAN... HER HUSBAND HAD DIED OF CANCER THE PRIOR WINTER. HE'D BEEN A NAVY MAN, SERVING IN JAPAN IN THE '60'S. AND WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT... SHE HAD TEN VINTAGE LADIES' KIMONOS TO SHOW FOR IT.

BUT...

THERE'S A WIND THAT WHISPERS ACROSS THESE LANDS. IF IT HAD A COLOR, THAT HUE WOULD BE GRAY-BROWN.

IT'S LOVELY. YEAH, I AGREE.

YOURS FOR FORTY.

TWENTY.

EVEN IN THE SUMMER, IT SEEMS LIKE FALL.

AND FOR EVERY BARN WHERE THE FARMER HAS SOME FIESTA WARE POTTERY OR A HARRY BECKOFF ORIGINAL STASHED, THERE'S A FARMER AND HIS BARN THAT I'D JUST AS SOON NOT, NEVER, NO-HOW ENTER.

AND MY NEPHEW DANNY, HE GOT IT FROM ERNIE.

ERNIE?

STUBBORN.

YOU CAN TELL FROM THE LOOK IN HIS EYES THAT HE'S KILLED IN HIS TIME. AND THAT KILL IS STILL ON HIS LAND.

ERNIE?

ERNIE'S MULE.

MAYBE IT'S THE ISOLATION. THE WINDS.

I CLOSE MY EYES TO BLURRED SLITS AND THE FIELDS BECOME A COPPER SEA. AS THE WIND BLOWS THEM LIGHTLY, SO THE RIPPLES ARE WAVES.

AND EVERY FARM IS AN ISLAND WITH NOTHING IN SIGHT BUT THE SEA AROUND IT.

AND THE SKIES ARE EITHER THE DEEPEST BLUE OR THE DARKEST, BLACKEST BLACK AT NIGHT OR WHEN THE STORMS ROLL IN. I KNOW THAT SOUNDS LIKE IT WOULD BE LOVELY, BUT IT ISN'T.

IT'S LIKE AN OLD THREE-STRIP TECHNI-COLOR MOVIE THAT, WITH AGE, HAS BECOME MUCH TOO VIVID.

GOT DRUNK AND SHOT UP A BUNCH OF IT.

THIS IS WHAT'S LEFT.

I HATE THIS STUFF.

FENTON GLASS?

MY MOTHER'S, ALL OF IT. I HATED HER AND I HATE THIS.

IMAGINE LOOKING UP AND SEEING THAT. EVERY DAY. ANY DAY. MAN, I MIGHT START TAKING A SCYTHE TO FOLKS?

YOU WANT IT?

HOW MUCH?

...THE HUSBAND AND WIFE WHO, FROM THE LOOK IN THEIR EYES, HAVE A DARK SECRET SOMEWHERE IN THEIR PASTS. AND MAYBE IT'S STILL BURIED ON THEIR LAND, TOO... OR IN THAT GLOOMY HOUSE OF THEIRS.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR MOM?

SHE'S DEAD...

TAKE IT. GRATIS. I'LL SHOOT THE REST OF IT IF N IT STAYS AROUND HERE MUCH LONGER.

I SOMETIMES THINK ABOUT THAT PAINTING... AMERICAN GOTHIC BY GRANT WOOD. YOU KNOW...

...MAY SHE BURN IN THE DARKEST PIT OF SATAN'S FLAMES.

THAT'S WHAT I THINK ABOUT WHEN I DRIVE AROUND LOOKING FOR BARGAINS.

AMERICAN GOTHIC BY WOOD... AND BODIES IN BARN.

ERR...

ERR...

GOT A BOX I COULD PUT ALL THIS IN?

BUT LIKE I SAY, THERE'S A FORTUNE TO BE FOUND HERE AT THE SAME TIME.

YOU JUST NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO FIND SOMETHING RARE. SOMETHING...



I WAS SEVEN...SIX OR SEVEN. DAVEY WAS OLDER. AND DAD TOOK US. MOM WAS DEAD BY THEN. YEAH.

THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I STEPPED INSIDE A CIRCUS.



I HAVEN'T BEEN TO ONE...OR THOUGHT ABOUT GOING TO ONE SINCE.

MAN, THEY DON'T SMELL ANY SWEETER THAN I REMEMBER THEM, EITHER. SAWDUST. URINE. ROTTING CANVAS. ANIMALS. PORTABLE TOILET CHEMICALS. THE SWEAT OF THE CROWD AND THOSE WORKING.

COMBINE, FOLDING IN THE EGG WHITES CAREFULLY. ADD TARRAGON AND GARLIC. SEASON TO TASTE AND BAKE FOR THIRTY MINUTES.

GOT YOURSELF A CIRCUS SOUFFLE.

YUM.

AHH...NOW HERE'S SOMETHING I DON'T WANT TO MISS OUT ON.

ME, SUCH A FAN OF TOD BROWNING...AND TIM BURTON...AND "FANTASY ISLAND" RERUNS.

HIT A HOLE WIN A PRIZE



THIS...

...THE FREAK
SHOW.

ONE OF US.

ONE OF US.

ONE OF US.

I DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW THEY HAD
THESE ANYMORE.

THIS
IS SO
COOL.

FINNEGAN
• FISH BOY •

WONDER WHAT IT'S
LIKE TO BE GAPE
D AT, JUST 'CAUSE
YOU'RE DIFFERENT.

I MAY FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH.
IN TERMS OF PEOPLE GAWKING AT
STUFF, THERE DOESN'T APPEAR
TO BE MUCH DIFFERENCE BE-
TWEEN A LIMBLESS WORM MAN...

...AND A
SUPER-
HERO.
FUNNY
HOW...

JACK...
KNIGHT...

THE
COSMIC
GEEK

COSMIC
GEEK,
HUH? HA!

SOUNDS LIKE
SOMEONE
AFTER MY
OWN HEART.

COSMIC
GEEK

THE SILENCE
WITHIN IS COOL
WATER IN THE
EYES FOR JACK.

EYES THAT SQUINT
FOR A MOMENT
ADJUSTING TO
SHADOW.

JACK PAUSES AS THE
SILENCE WASHES HIS
BRAIN FREE OF THEN
AND THERE, FILLING
IT WITH SHARDS OF
STRANGE VISION.

SMALL THINGS.
FROM JACK'S
HEAD.

--THE MAN WHO DIRECTED
HOUSE OF WAX HAD ONE
EYE. HE COULDN'T SEE THE
FILM'S 3D SEQUENCES
EVEN THOUGH HE'D
DREAMED THEM UP.

--YANOMAMO
WOMEN ARE
VICTIMIZED
FROM CHILD-
HOOD ON.

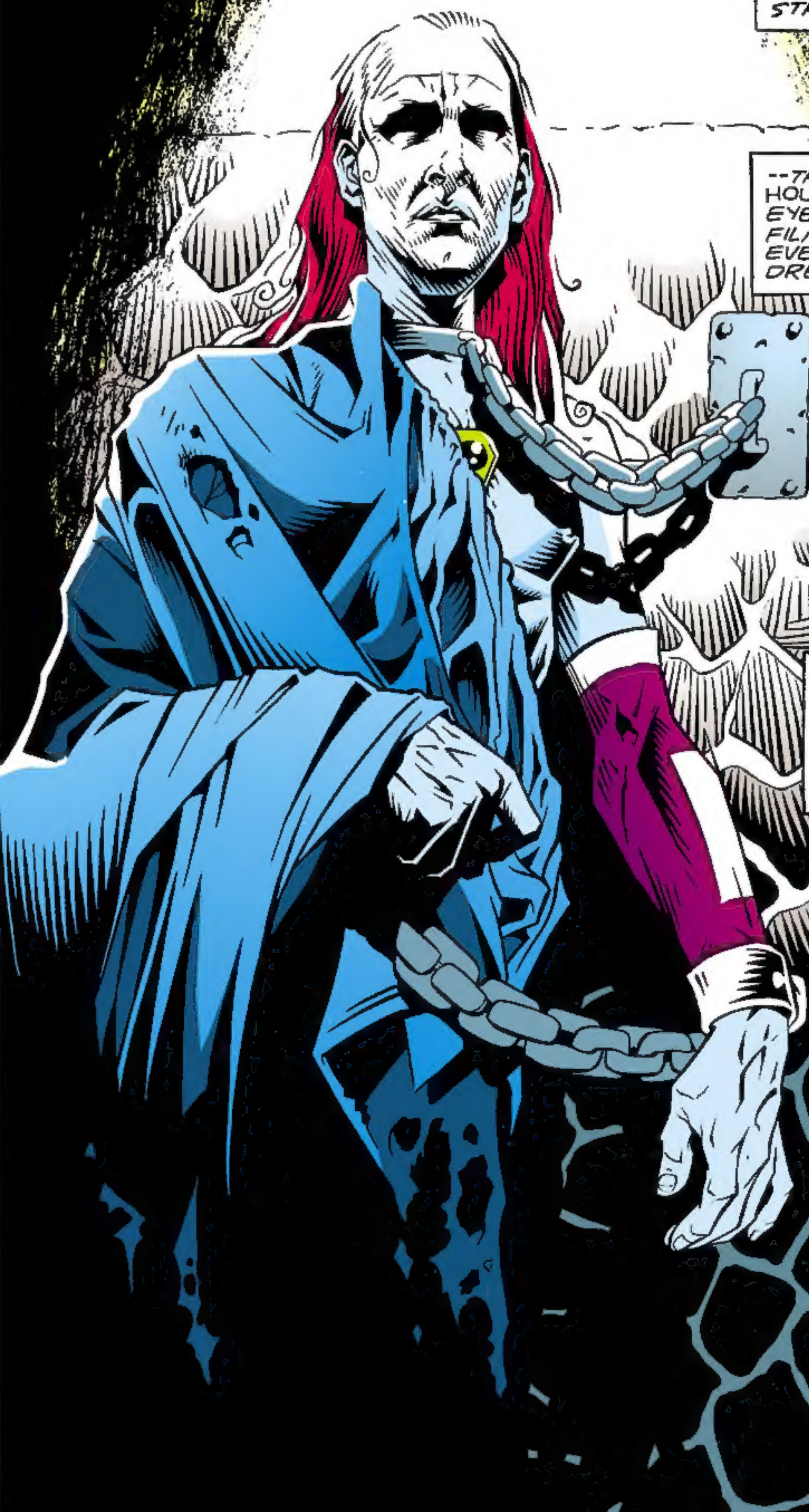
--DID THE BENDERS
DIE BY THE POSSE'S
HANDS? OR DID OLD
MAN BENDER DIE IN
1884 WHEN HE CUT
OFF HIS OWN FOOT
TO GET OUT OF
THE LEG IRONS?

--LON CHANEY, EDMOND
ROSTAND, PHIL NIEKRO,
SAMUEL DELANY, DEBBIE
REYNOLDS, AND
RACHMANINOFF ALL
SHARE THE SAME
BIRTHDAY.

--"MOCK ON, MOCK
ON, VOLTAIRE,
ROUSSEAU,
MOCK ON, MOCK
ON; 'TIS ALL IN
VAIN--"... OR SO
SAID WILLIAM
BLAKE.

AND THEN THE
SILENCE BECOMES
MERELY SILENCE.
AND JACK IS
BROUGHT BACK
TO THERE AND
HERE AND NOW.

AND IT'S JUST HIM
AND A BLUE-SKINNED
GENTLEMAN...





HE...HE
TALKED...
SPOKE--

TOUCHED...



OH...

... MY...

...GOD!

HEAD'S...

...LIKE THE
CAROUSEL
THEY'VE GOT
HERE.

PULSE IS A
BARREL ORGAN.

CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT
... SEE... EVERYTHING
LOOKS--



WHY CAN'T I SEE STRAIGHT?
WHY AM I RUNNING? THIS...ALL
THIS-- WHY AM I RUNNING
FROM IT?

KNIGHT.

SCARED?

WH--

AND WHAT
WAS THAT?
BLUE--

GOTTA GET
OUT.. AWAY
FROM--

WHOA,
COWBOY.
WHERE
ARE YOU
RUNNING
TO?



YOUR NAME IS...?

KNIGHT. JACK KNIGHT, MISTER BLISS.



I'VE HEARD OF YOU, HAVEN'T I?

OH, I DOUBT IT. THERE ARE LOTS OF JACKS OUT THERE. YOU MAYBE HAVE ME MIXED UP WITH SOMEBODY ELSE.



YEAH, MAYBE I DO. SO WHY DO YOU WANT TO SEE ME?

WELL, TWO THINGS, REALLY.

FIRSTLY, I'M A DEALER.

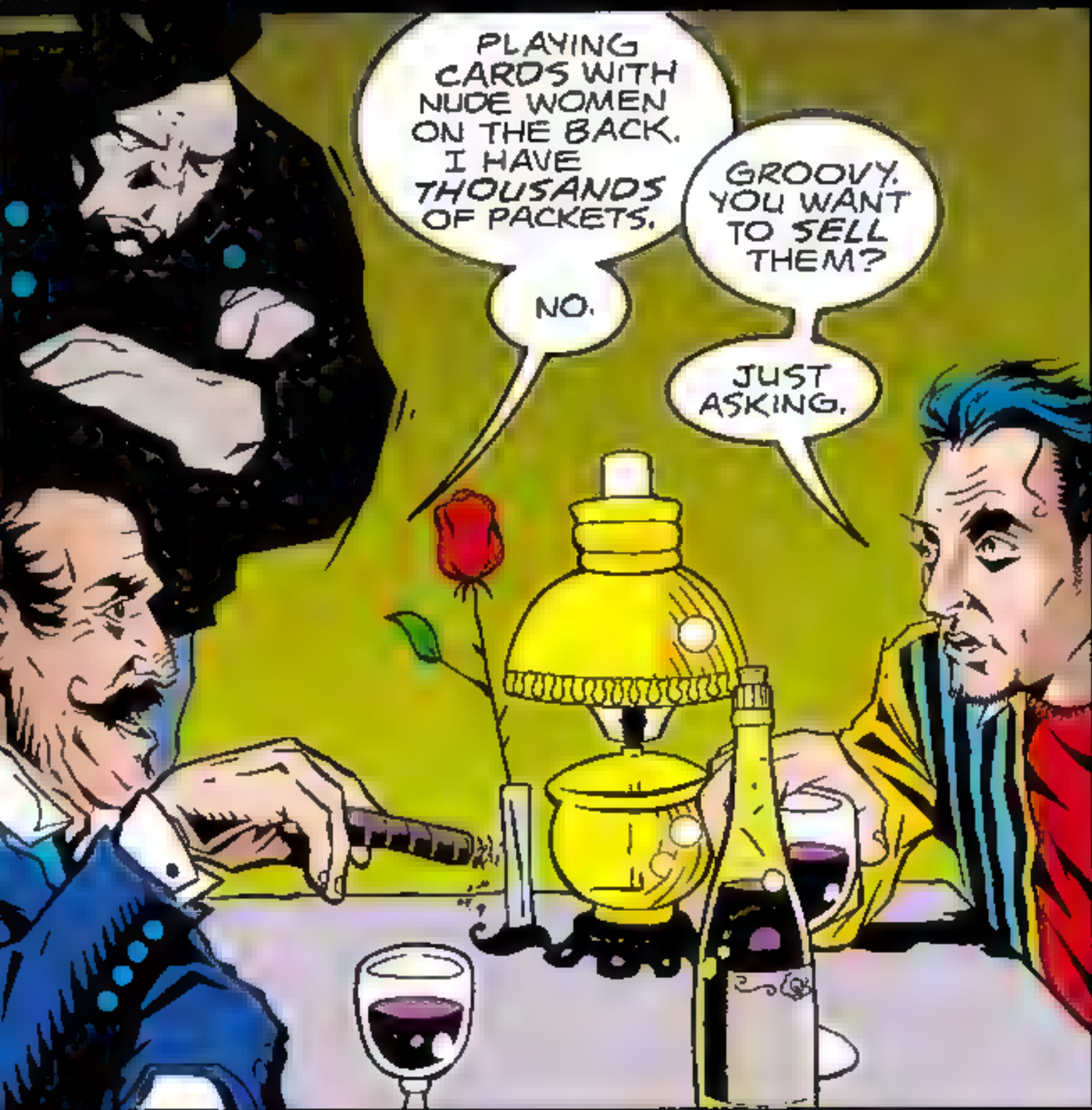
I BUY, SELL, TRADE THE THINGS THAT, FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER...

...PEOPLE DEEM COLLECTABLE. DO YOU FOLLOW ME?



OH, YES. I'VE LONG BEEN A COLLECTOR.

REALLY?



PLAYING CARDS WITH NUDE WOMEN ON THE BACK. I HAVE THOUSANDS OF PACKETS.

NO.


GROOVY. YOU WANT TO SELL THEM?

JUST ASKING.



LISTEN. WHAT I'M THINKING IS THAT YOU MUST HAVE A LOT OF STUFF THAT YOU CONSIDER JUNK. OLD STAGE PROPS. CURTAINS. MASKS. COSTUMES.

POSTERS?



YEAH. EXACTLY. POSTERS. AND IF YOU DIDN'T WANT THEM, I COULD MAYBE MAKE YOU AN OFFER AND TAKE THEM OFF YOUR HANDS.

WELL, I DO HAVE ALL OF THE THINGS YOU MENTIONED. A LOT OF IT'S FROM MY FATHER'S TIME, TOO. THERE'RE PROPS AND POSTERS FROM THE '30 S, '40 S, AND '50 S. I HAVE SOME IN ONE TRAILER AND MORE IN STORAGE IN FLORIDA.

I'VE FOUND THE DAMP IN FLORIDA MEANS ANYTHING STORED THERE DOESN'T AGE TOO WELL. ESPECIALLY NOT POSTERS AND PAPER. STILL, WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT HERE, I'D LOVE TO LOOK AT.

ALL RIGHT, CRUSHER HERE WILL SHOW YOU.

CRUSHER?

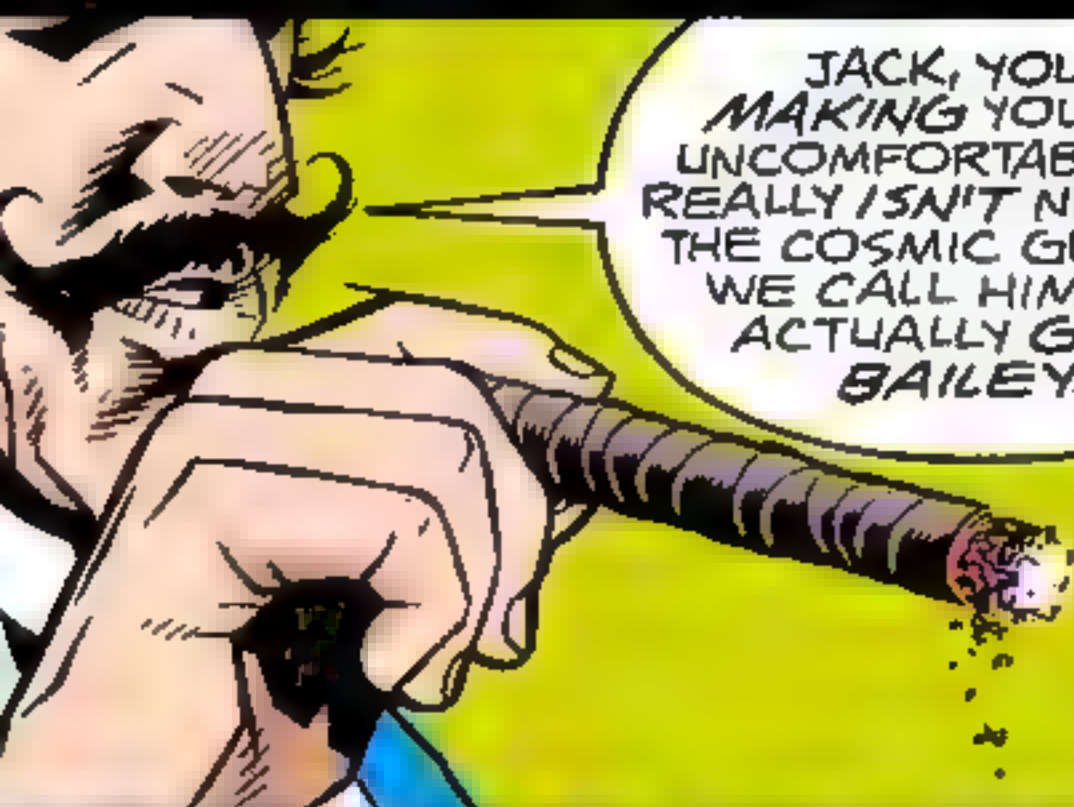
ALL RIGHT. HIS REAL NAME'S LYLE.

NOW, YOU MENTIONED THERE WERE TWO TOPICS.

YEAH...ER... UM... THERE... I SAW A FREAK... THE COSMIC GEEK, YOU BILLED HIM AS.

HE...ERR...TOUCHED ME...I SAW...THIS WILL SOUND CRAZY, BUT I SAW VISIONS OF HIS LIFE, I THINK.

WILD VISIONS. THIS... I HOPE YOU'RE NOT OFFENDED HERE, BUT THE CHAINS ON HIS WRISTS... THEY'RE FAKE, RIGHT? HE'S NOT A... A PRISONER, IS HE? LIKE I SAY, PLEASE DON'T BE OFFENDED. IT'S JUST... WELL, THE LOOK IN HIS EYES AND THE STRANGE LANGUAGE HE MUMBLED WAS--



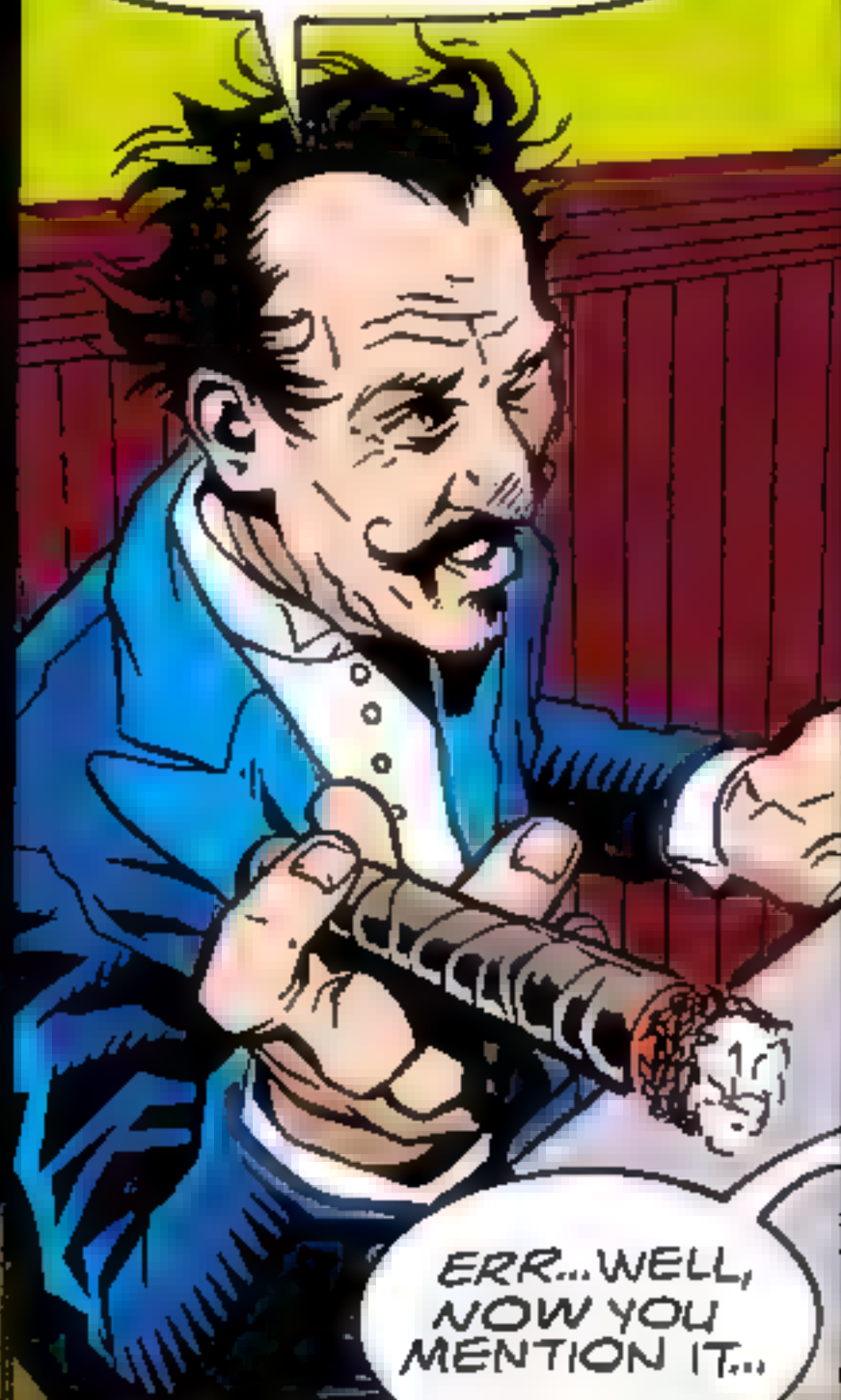
JACK, YOU'RE MAKING YOURSELF UNCOMFORTABLE. THAT REALLY ISN'T NECESSARY. THE COSMIC GEEK, AS WE CALL HIM, IS ACTUALLY GREG BAILEY.

COMES FROM ALBANY. THE BLUE-DYED SKIN, THE "ALIEN" TONGUE, THE ELECTRICAL PULSE IN HIS FINGER-TIPS...THEY'RE ALL A PART OF THE ACT.

THE REST... VISIONS...I CAN ONLY SUGGEST WAS YOUR OWN IMAGINATION.

IT WAS ALL AN ACT?

YES. DO YOU THINK THIS ENTIRE CIRCUS WOULD STAND FOR SOMEONE BEING KEPT PRISONER?



ERR...WELL, NOW YOU MENTION IT...

LOOK, THE THING THAT BOTHERS ME IS THAT GREG'S ACT IS NOW SO REALISTIC IT ACTUALLY MANAGED TO UPSET A PATRON. HE SAID HE WAS MAKING SOME ADDITIONS TO IT. I FEAR HE'S ADDED A LITTLE TOO MUCH.



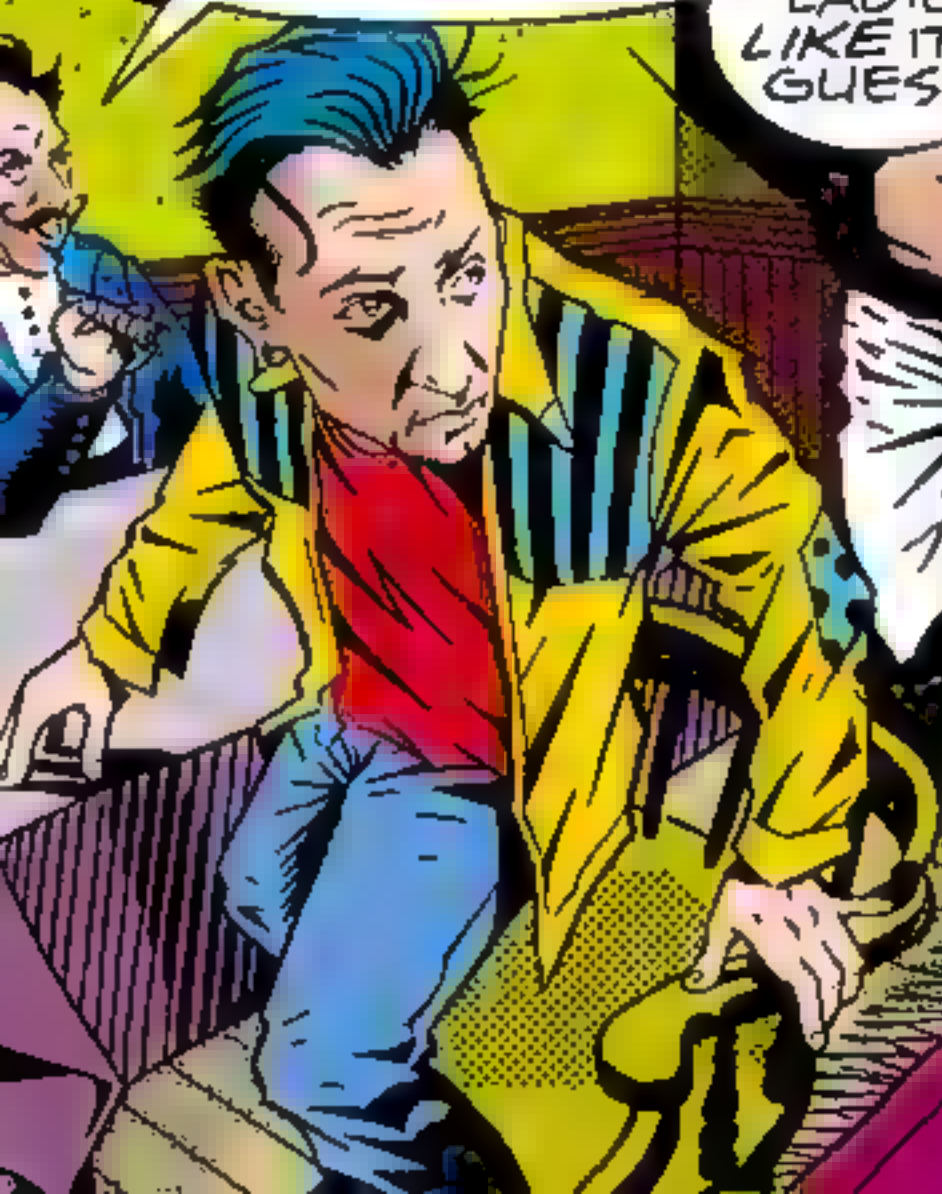
I'LL HAVE TO TALK TO HIM,

I WOULDN'T WANT TO GET HIM INTO TROUBLE.



OH, NO. NOTHING LIKE THAT. JUST A WORD. AND TO PUT YOUR MIND AT REST...

...LYLE, WHEN YOU TAKE JACK TO THE PROPS TRAILER, TAKE HIM VIA GREG'S TENT. INTRODUCE THEM. OH, AND JACK... GET GREG TO TELL YOU ABOUT SOME OF THE GIRLS HE'S HAD BECAUSE OF HIS BLUE SKIN.



THE LADIES LIKE IT, I GUESS.

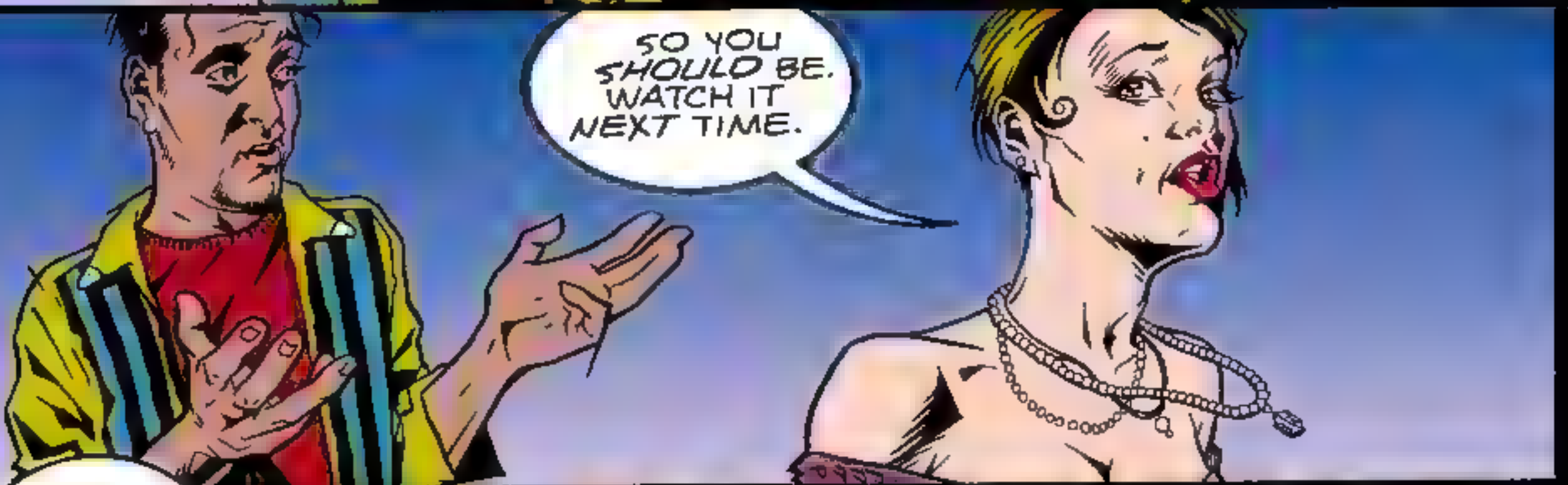


NO ONE ELSE DOES AS WELL. NOT EVEN THE ACROBATS.

WHEN YOU'VE SEEN THE OLD STUFF, I'LL TALK TO YOU ABOUT A PRICE. WE CAN HAGGLE.



MY FAVORITE SPORT.



NO.





JACK...

...KNIGHT...

...CAN'T...

...HELP...

...WE...

OH, MAN,
THIS IS--

SSWUUU

SSSWUUUUU

KRASH!

SORRY,
BUT--

GHH

I AM DREAMING...

A NIGHTMARE.

I HOPE TO
GOD THIS IS
BAD SUSHI.

BAD CHICKEN.

BAD MUSHROOMS.

GET
BACK!

ALL OF
YOU!

I DON'T
WANT TO
HURT YOU!

ANY
OF...

JACK...

...WE...

...KNIGHT...



'S'CRAZY!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING.

AND THAT WHILE
IT'S HAPPENING...

...THE ONLY
THING I CAN
THINK OF IS
BUD ABBOTT.

NOT LOU COSTELLO.
NOT THE FUNNY ONE.

BUD ABBOTT.

IS THAT A SIGN
I'M GROWING UP?

OH...
UH... OH...
OH...
OH...

I WONDER.

ARHOUU

I USED TO THINK MATURITY WAS ACTUALLY ENJOYING THE LULLS IN MARX BROTHERS FILMS WHEN HARPO DID HIS HARP SOLO.

MAYBE I'VE JUST FOUND A NEW--

...MY!

CRUSH!

OH, MY...

...MY!





COULD'A' DIED THEN.

I'M THINK-
ING JUNK.
NOT WHAT
I SHOULD
BE--

NOT.

I THINK...

THE BEST
THING TO
DO. NOW.



GET
AWAY.

AWAY.

AHHHH

CHEEE

GATHER MY
THOUGHTS.

DECIDE WHAT
TO DO NE--

CHEECHEECHEE

ARHHHH



DON'T BELIEVE THIS...

I REALLY...

HONESTLY...
REALLY...
CAN SAY...



I HAVE A MONKEY
ON MY BACK.

AND A PAIN IN MY HEAD
FROM THAT STUNT.

FEEL LIKE
I COULD
PUKE.

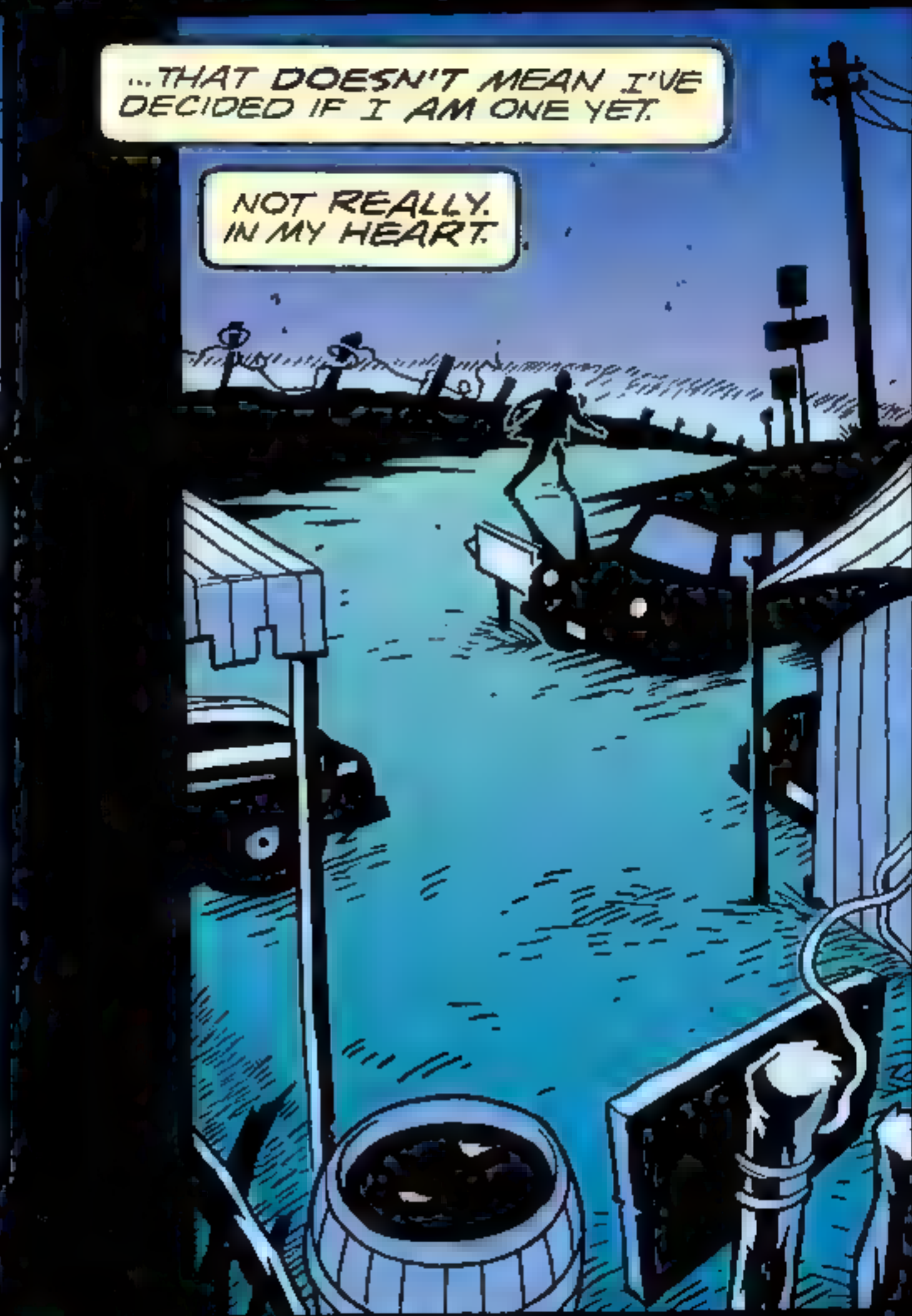
CHEEEE



HAVE TO GET
AWAY. RUN.

NOT HEROIC, NO.

BUT EVEN IF I PLAY
THE HERO FOR DAD...



...THAT DOESN'T MEAN I'VE
DECIDED IF I AM ONE YET.

NOT REALLY.
IN MY HEART.



YEAH.

AWAY.

SAFETY.

I...

...I... HAVE TO GET
TO MY VAN... GET
TO... GET BACK
TO THE OPAL.

BASTARDS.

HAVE
TO.

BACK...





...TO THE
OPAL...



...THE
ALLEYS.

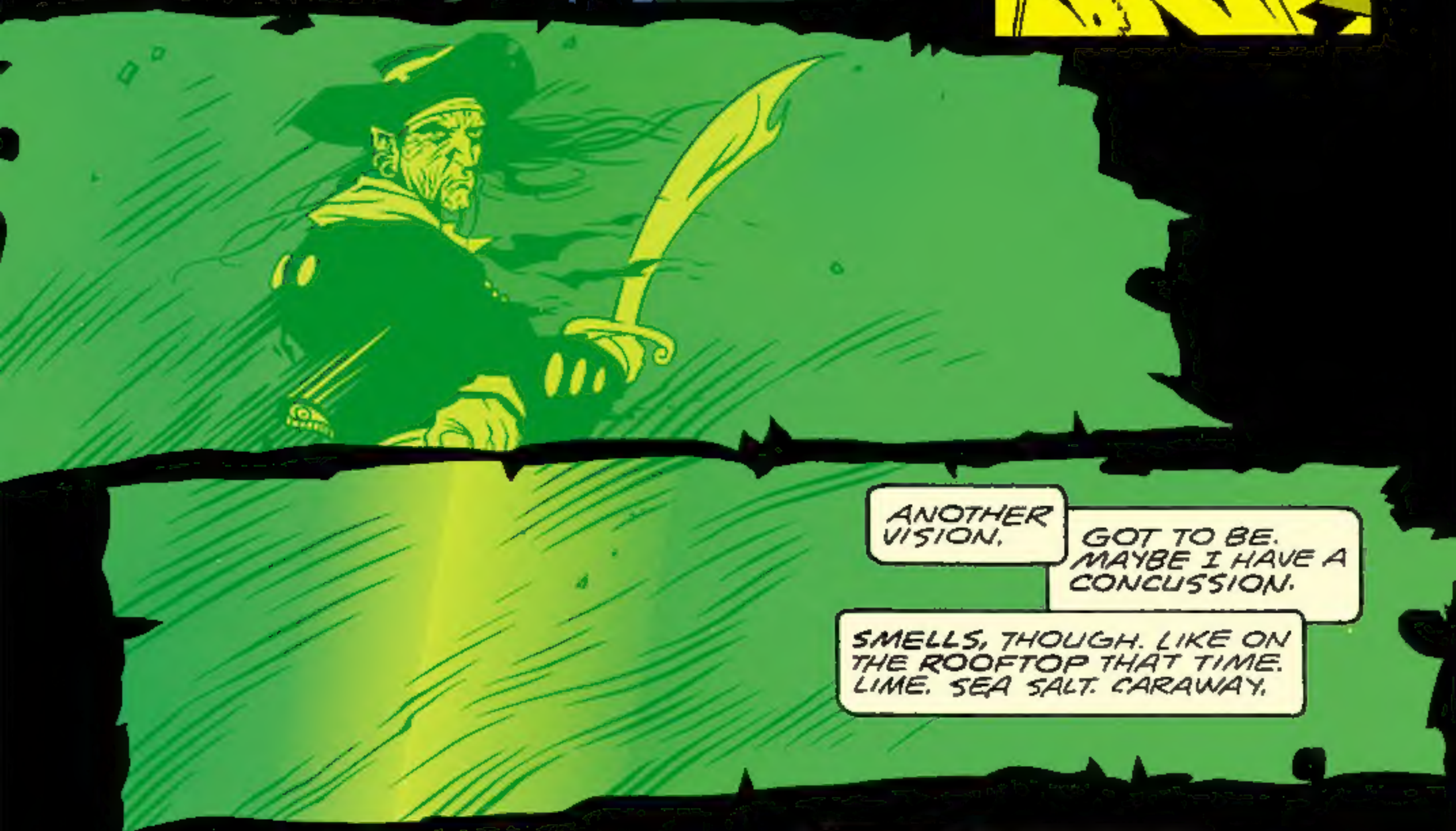
GET MY ROD AND MY
GEAR AND THEN, BOY,
AM I GOING TO GO
FISHING.

BASTARDS.

THINK
THEY
CAN--



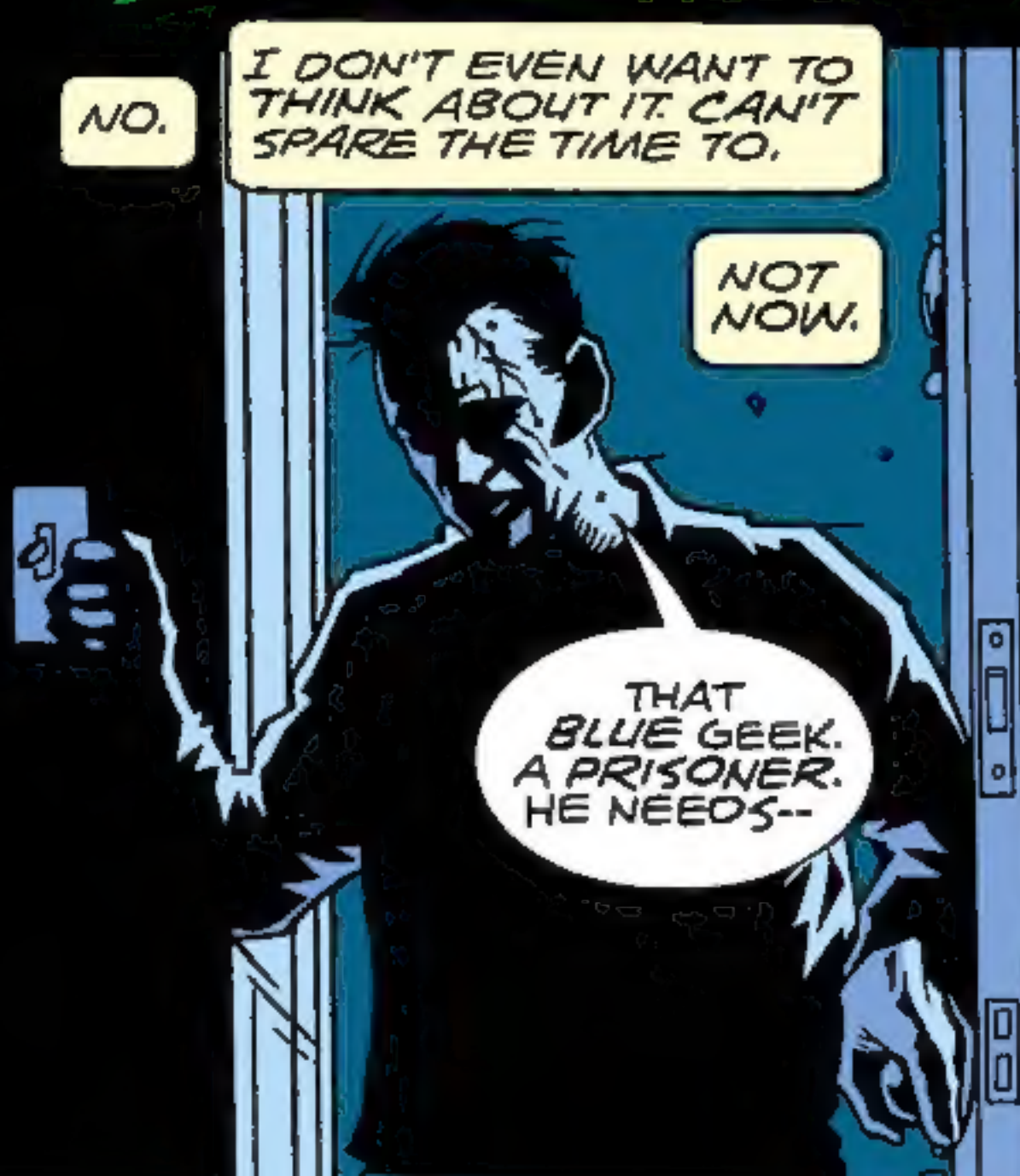
WHAT IN--



ANOTHER
VISION.

GOT TO BE.
MAYBE I HAVE A
CONCUSSION.

SMELLS, THOUGH. LIKE ON
THE ROOFTOP THAT TIME.
LIME. SEA SALT. CARAWAY.



NO.

I DON'T EVEN WANT TO
THINK ABOUT IT. CAN'T
SPARE THE TIME TO.

NOT
NOW.

THAT
BLUE GEEK.
A PRISONER.
HE NEEDS--



DAD, YOU WERE RIGHT
WHEN YOU SAID THE
WEIRDNESS FINDS YOU.

IT FOUND
ME ALL
RIGHT.

BUT NOW THIS
WEIRDNESS HAS
FOUND ME...

A(K)NIGHT AT THE CIRCUS

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• TO BE CONTINUED •

Deadman Wade

"THIS IS WHAT
AWESOME
LOOKS LIKE".

DCP